Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, : : MISSOURI.

SCIENCE.

In the good times that are coming,
When we breathe in Liquid Air,
When we bathe in Gaseous Water
And on Liquid Solids fare;
When we're hairless and we're toothless—
(Perhaps Arm and Leg-less, too,
For we're attaining Science
As we never used to do!)
Will we take our funless pleasures
With profound and joyous mirth,
As befits the new discovery
Of a lasting, deathless birth?

When we've conquered all the microbes
That at present make us squirm—
When no more we fear the Smallpox
Nor the Typhoid Fever Germ—
When the dreaded Hydrophobia
Can no more hence take our pup—
When all care and pain and trouble
Are by Science swallowed up—
When we read our newsless papers,
Printed clear with inkless type,
Will we weep for bygone pleasures
As our tearless eyes we wipe?

When with wireless telegraphy
We can girdle this old globe,
And with microscopeless eyesight
Nature's inmost secrets probe;
When our steamboats are all steamless
And we navigate with wings,
When our gold is manufactured
From base metals and such things,
When we warm our soulless bodies
By our cheerful coalless fires,
Will the same old heartless methods
Accomplish our desires?
—H. P. Dickinson, in Chicago Evening Post.

LUCILE.

An Incident of the Commune.

BY HAROLD SPENDER.

IT was May 23, 1870.

The Commune was fighting for its life.

All down the boulevards, desolation; in the Champs Elysees, desolation; in the Place de la Concorde, desolation.

In the midst of the desolation, dark, silent objects lay scattered about in the sunlight. They were corpses.

At the end of the long empty streets strange, unwonted obstacles barred the way, and made blotches of shade. They were barracades.

Behind them crouched little groups of men, either firing or making ready to fire.

Crowds in a desert. Noise in the midst of silence.

But as the morning wore on, the noise grew. Across the great stretches of vacant city, blinking in the heat, the great guns of Valerien and Montmartre thundered.

Down below in the streets one standing on a watch-tower could have seen far over the house-tops, little bursts of white smoke, followed by sputters of sound. Or, if he had gone down into the street, he would have seen men running rapidly in twos or threes, across the silent, empty spaces. And as they ran, spurts of smoke would come from the windows, from the house-tops, from the very chimney-pots.

Perhaps one or two might fall and lie there still—or, worse, struggling—in the sunlight. But others would come on, and then the street would grow thick with them. They were the Versaillais.

They would disappear into the houses, and reappear dragging men between them.

Then more rifle-shots would ring out, and the men would fall and be silent. For they were Communards.

* * * * * *

The fighting had reached the Rue de Verneuil, close to the Boulevard St. Germain. In all the surrounding streets men were fighting and dying; and a fearful din arose, making day hideous.

And yet within those houses life was being lived; and in each of the little flats of which the street was composed there was some little crisis of life being decided through these dreadful hours.

The siege and the Commune between them had left some strange tragedies.

In one flat, for instance, lived a girl, little more than 20, and yet now quite alone, except for one faithful servant.

Lucile Simon had lost her father in an early battle of the war, her brother on the Loire, and her mother by a chance shell in the siege. She alone was left, and now, when the Commune came, she had not the spirit to fly, but had stayed on from a curious apathy. Her old servant—a dear old woman attached to the family for many years—stayed too.

From her window Lucile had seen terrible things during that morning. She had seen shells from Mont Valerien fall in the street, wrecking houses, maiming innocent men; then she had seen the fierce fight for the barricade at the end of the street, which filled the air with noise and smoke, among which men slew and were slain; and now she awaited the end.

For the human hunt was afoot.

The street resounded with the tramp of armed men. Doors were roughly broken open; there were the shouts and cries of angry men, the screams of women, and the wailing of children. Men were dragged out, and slain in the streets in cold blood. No one was safe. You might die for a glance of pity.

"Open your shutters and close your windows!" was the cry of the troops in the street, born of long experience of the use of shutters in sharpshooting; and now Lucile had just returned from the fearful task of obedience, while a soldier below covered her all the time with his rifle, as if half inclined to fire. For even the sacredness of sex had gone.

She had just left the window, and now sat crouching over the scanty fire, her fingers in her ears to shut out the din of death. But suddenly a noise began which penetrated any such barriers.

Knock! Knock! Knock! Someone was striking the door of the flat with the strength of despair.

Lucile sat up, listened eagerly, but in dire perplexity.

What was she to do? She might well feel reluctant to open the door at such a moment. It seemed like opening to chaos.

Knock! Knock! The sound grew louder and louder. But there was no threatening in that knock. It was the last appeal of some hunted man—a final effort for life.

And as she listened it grew upon Lucile that she must open to it. There was no other course, as long as pity was stronger than fear.

But still terror gripped her heart and brain as she groped her way out into the passage, and, then, with hand on the bolt, stood listening.

"Who's there?" she gasped.

"I—Lieut. Armand. For the sake of God, let me in!"

She hesitated no longer. She drew the bolt.

The soldier must have been leaning against the door, for he almost fell into the passage, breathless, dust-stained, bloody. He leant against the wall, and stood looking at her, with short, sharp gasps of breathing.

He saw her eyes wander to his uniform, and then stop with a little arrest of horror.

She almost cried out—"A Communard?"

His reply was like a cry of pain.

"No—no! a thousand times no. I am an officer of the Line. I lay wounded in Paris. They seized me; made me wear it; I could not get away in time. And now I am hunted; pursued by my own men; they are at the end of the street; if they find me, they will shoot me, ay, and God forgive me, you too."

Lucile realized the situation in a moment. He was a refractaire—one of those unhappy men who were in the dreadful position of being left in Paris after the outbreak of the Commune. They had to fight whether they liked it or not; many of them joined the fighting in the hope of going over. But the blood feud was now too fierce for that. No quarter was the order of the day, and they were in deadly peril of dying for less than nothing.

Lucile became calm in a moment. It was the effect of immediate, pressing danger.

"Then you must hide," she said simply.

He nodded.

Without another word they turned to the practical problem of concealment. Hiding always seems to us an easy thing; but that is probably a fallacious memory of childhood. To hide a full-grown man in a small Parisian flat is no easy matter. After a few minutes' search they had almost given it up as impossible.

In vain they hunted through the rooms and passages. There was no recess or alcove which would have hidden him even for a few moments from the eyes of a hunting soldiery.

At last they found themselves again in the passage.

"It is of no use," he said, "I must go."

At that moment on their straining ears fell the measured tramp of soldiers ascending the stairs. To leave the flat would be instant death.

But Armand did not hesitate. His finger was on the bolt.

"I must go," he said again; "it will save you!"

Lucile had been standing very still, as if thinking hard. A strange flush rose and spread over her pale face, and she looked at Armand as if in fear. Then suddenly she seemed to make a resolve. She spoke quickly.

"Follow me—say nothing—do as I tell you."

He followed, silent and wonderng, down the passage to her own room.

At the door he hesitated for a moment.

"Come," she cried. "Quick! there is not a moment to spare."

And indeed the soldiers' blows fell on the door now, heavy and fast, as if they would break it down.

He entered the room.

"And now," she said, "you must hide here."

He looked round and moved toward a cupboard in the far corner.

"No," she cried, stamping her foot imperiously, "there."

And she pointed to the bed.

He leant down to creep underneath.

"No," she said, stamping again, "there—under the counterpane—on the bed."

Again came the knocks from without, clamatory, indignant, not to be denied.

"But——"

"Not a word."

She flashed at him like a lioness at bay.

And then, obediently, like a tired child, he crept under the counterpane and lay still.

And then she heaped the clothes over him until not a trace of his form was visible.

* * * * * *

The officer who had knocked so loudly was a little disconcerted when the door was opened at last by a pretty young woman, tastefully dressed in mourning, calm and collected in manner, and with a rather fine air of surprise.

He became suddenly conscious of the fact that he was in an unreasonable state of fury, and that both he and his men were very dirty, angry and unkempt.

He fell back instinctively and doffed his kepis to the lady. But when there came to his mind the story of the petroleuses, and the horrible fate of one of his comrades, who had been shot the day before by a fashionably-dressed young woman who held him in converse, and his face hardened again. In this sort of war even women were not to be trusted.

"To what do I owe the honor of this visit?" asked Lucile at last, scaning the ragged and dust-stained group of soldiers. She spoke with hauteur.

"Pardon, Mademoiselle," said the young lieutenant, "but it is my painful duty to demand an entrance in the name of the republic. We have reason to think that a traitor has taken refuge here."

"Here?" she said with a little scornful laugh. "And do you think, Monsieur, that I should be ignorant as to who is in my house? You have strange notions of housekeeping, Monsieur."

"I am sorry, Mademoiselle," he said, now with a hard military manner, "but he fled up this staircase, and as we have searched all the other flats without finding him we are forced to conclude that he is here."

It seemed to Lucile, who had kept a very cool head through this colloquy, better to admit him before anger arose between them.

"Well, Monsieur, you bring arguments which a mere woman cannot resist. Bring your soldiers in, but I must ask you to respect the sanctity of a woman's abode."

"Yes, Mademoisselle," said the lieutenant, with a bow, "we shall respect it—as long as she respects it herself."

Then began the search. Through the rooms the soldiers went, in all the hurry and ruthlessness of actual war, searching, probing, overturning, emptying the contents of cupboards and drawers, ripping up cushions, tossing aside chairs, tables, ornaments, with unsparing thoroughness, breaking locks and hinges wherever they stood in the way.

Lucile looked on in proud, silent horror. She almost forgot the human peril in the anguish of that destruction. To see this ruin of all her treasures; this ruthless, indiscriminate waste of beauty; this loveless ravage of all she loved, brought her a pain almost as bitter as that of actual death or wounds. She bit her lip to restrain the tears.

But she was suddenly brought back to the real peril.

For the soldiers had finished their search through all the rooms opened to them, and now they stood at a pause amid the wreck they had created. Lucile noticed a curious glare in their eyes, as of beasts balked of their prey.

The lieutenant came up to her and saluted.

"I am profoundly sorry, Mademoiselle, but I must ask leave to search the bedrooms."

Lucile sprang back as if she had been stung.

"Insolent!" she cried. "Not content with this savage destruction, you put this insult on a lonely woman!"

The lieutenant was annoyed and abashed, and for a moment he hesitated.

But then came back the memory of the woman's treachery to his comrade, and his annoyance now took the form of obstinacy and sulkiness.

"A thousand regrets, Mademoiselle," he growled, fumbling with his sword, "but time presses; my men are wanted for other service; if you do not give me leave, I must take it."

"Take it then," she retorted, "you will find a room on your left where you will have the pleasure of disturbing my servant from her first sleep for many nights. When you have visited her, you will then take the pleasure of an uninvited visit to my room."

But the old servant was still sleeping the deep sleep of utter weariness, and even the searching soldiery did not disturb her. Perhaps the sight of the lined, tired face of the old woman had some soothing effect on them, for they moved more gently through her room, and seemed less thorough in their search.

Lucile stood at the door and waited. The lieutenant stood rather sheepishly in the middle of the room, shifting from one foot to another, now rather ashamed of his task.

"That will do," he said at last gruffly to his men, and then, turning to Lucile,

"Pardon, Mademoiselle, we are satisfied as to this room."

"Thank you, Monsieur. Perhaps, for the other, I had better lead the way."

In spite of herself, her heart was now beating painfully. Before her were the closed hands of fate—life and honor in the one; shame and death in the other. Which would be opened?

She stood at the door of her room to let the soldiers pass. Then she watched in silence.

The lieutenant was now a little hurried and embarrassed.

"Gently, gently," he growled to his men, as they began to push the furniture roughly aside. "Two will do for this—you, Jean and Jules—the rest go out. Now, search the cupboard."

The cupboard was thoroughly ransacked, but, of course, with no result.

The area of search gradually narrowed. They were nearing the bed. Lucile held her breath.

She glanced at the counterpane. Fortunately, a heavy old-fashioned canopy hid the upper part of the bed. But so cunningly were the clothes heaped that she herself could see no sign of life or movement.

The lieutenant, now thoroughly embarrassed and anxious to get through with the task, turned his back on the bed and twirled his moustache impatiently. "Quick, quick," he said.

Jean, the elder of the two soldiers, saluted.

"All searched, lieutenant, except the bed. Shall I look at it?"

"No, you fool," said the lieutenant angrily. The sergeant saluted again.

The lieutenant stamped his foot.

"Stay, you can look under it, but be quick, for heaven's sake!"

Jean stumbled across and looked underneath. He looked quickly and cursorily. Then he returned to the officer and saluted once more.

"Nothing there, lieutenant."

"Then go. March!" he cried.

"My deep regrets, Mademoiselle, for the performance of so unpleasant a duty."

She nodded casually.

The room seemed to swim around her. She heard the tramp—tramp—of the soldiers in the passage; the slamming of the door sounded faintly in the distance; and then—and then—all seemed to go.

* * * * * *

When she awoke again to consciousness, she found herself seated in the easy chair where she so often rested. She was seated as if she had been placed there by some tender hand. By her side was an empty glass, as if someone had given her water.

She started up, as the full recollection of the situation came back to her. She looked round. No one was there.

She looked at the bed. The clothes were thrown back, as if by a hasty hand. But it was empty.

There was only one sign of recent occupation.

On the toilet table by the window, lay a cap—a soldier's cap—the cap of a Communard.

Flung carelessly down by Armand, there it had lain all through the soldiers' search.

She seized it nervously, and then, with a furtive glance at the door, she kissed it.—Cassell's Magazine.

TO LEARN HER AGE.

How One Can, Without Giving Any Offense, Induce a Lady to Tell How Old She Is.

Il Mondo Che Ride, an Italian journal, recently offered prizes for the best three answers to the following questions:

"How can one, without giving any offenes, induce a lady to tell her age?"

Answers poured in by hundreds, and finally the prizes were awarded.

"Go to the lady," says the winner of the first prize, "and say to her: 'Madame, I dreamed last night that you and I could win a large prize at the lottery by playing a number corresponding to our ages, and, therefore, if you will just tell me your age, I will go at once and buy the ticket.' The asumption is that a desire to win the money will impel the lady to comply at once with the request.

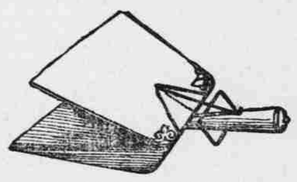
"Ask the lady," says the winner of the second prize, "how long she has been married, and, after she has replied, express great astonishment and exclaim: 'Mon Dieu! you must have been a mere child at that time. How old were you then, at any rate?'" From her two answers the lady's age can be ascertained without arousing any suspicion on her part.

"Ask the lady," says the winner of the third prize, "how many years younger she is than her husband. This is an everyday question, and the chances are a thousand to one that she will answer it promptly and correctly. Then find out the husband's age, which can easily be done, and by working out a little sum in arithmetic you can easily solve the problem."

A COVERED DUSTPAN.

When the Lid Is Down the Contents Cannot Escape, Says Its Inventor.

Occasionally after dirt has been brushed into a dustpan it gets out again before it ought to. An article of this class has been devised, however, which is windproof. The San Diego (Cal.) Sun says: "It may be safely carried from room to room, or through hallways outdoors to be emptied without the danger of the dust flying into one's eyes, or on the floor again, only to be swept up again. When sweeping is being done



THE LATEST IN DUSTPANS.

the lid is held back out of the way by catching the hook into the handle, which is automatically released when so desired. The dustpan may be opened or closed and held in position by the foot. Thus the operator can stand in an erect position and can use both hands for manipulating the broom. The lid also serves as a reenforcement to the pan, thus making it stronger and more durable. The inventor of this, 'the covered dustpan,' is Alfred Olson, San Diego, Cal."

MANAGING THE HAIR.

Most Important Part of the Task Is to Keep the Scalp in Good Condition.

Hair oils of every kind and all preparations for the hair are unnecessary so long as the scalp is in a healthy condition. Brush the hair daily with a stiff brush, and, if the hair has enough natural oil to permit, wash it once in two weeks with clear cold water. A little white castile soap may be used occasionally, but if it is mixed with 90 per cent. alcohol it will be less injurious to the head than when it is applied alone with water.

The falling out of the hair is caused by fever or a severe derangement of the health. It is checked by improvement in the health and by applying local remedies. An excellent lotion for the scalp is made of two drachms of tincture of cantharides, six drachms of rosemary and 11 ounces of elderflower water. Apply a little once or twice a day after brushing the scalp briskly with a stiff brush until it is in a glow. When the hair is short it is an excellent plant to dip the head in cold water night and morning, and, after thoroughly drying the hair, brush it quickly and well for five minutes.

An excellent hair wash, when a hair wash is needed, consists of seven ounces of rosewater, one ounce of aromatic spirits of ammonia, one and a half drachms of tineture of cantharides and half an ounce of glycerin. Shake and mix the mixture well in a bottle, and apply it to the scalp with an old toothbrush.—N. Y. Tribune.

Milk Increases Weight.

If milk does not disagree with one a quart or more a day will help immensely in the work of getting fat. It should be sipped rather slowly, as it turns into curds the moment it reaches the gastric juices of the stomach, and when a large quantity is swallowed at once the large mass formed is not quickly digested. A tablespoonful of lime-water in a glass of milk will neutralize its bilious properties.

Death Germs in Pin Heads.

The swallowing of a pin is less to be dreaded than the contagion that may lurk about the pin. Under its head and about the point of a pencil a whole multitude of disease germs may lurk, which, being given entrance to the mouth, from there soon infect the whole body, thus causing illness, or perhaps even death.

Her Natural Expression.

She—I positively look silly in that photograph.

He—I suppose the photographer asked you to look natural, didn't he?—Yonkers Statesman.

WOMAN EXPLAINED.

Pithy and Piquant Maxims of an African Who Has Had Fifty-Five Wives.

Who shall be considered qualified to speak with wisdom on the subject of women if it is not he who has had 55 wives.

Obendaga is a Senegalese chief whose spouses have numbered precisely two score and fifteen. Obendaga has studied all of them. He believes he knows something of womankind. What he knows has crystallized into maxims of great pith and piquancy. Here are some of them:

"Wives are like weeds, sometimes; unless you choke them they choke

THE SENEGALESE PHILOSOPHER.

you; unless you cut them off they poison you.

"When a woman smiles and keeps her teeth shut, marry her for a colula who can bite when she laughs.

"When a woman weeps pat her once; if she still weeps, beat her twice.

"If you do not like a woman's ear cut it off; she will hear no less and may look more beautiful.

"Despise not all women built like cocoanut trees; in every forest must be some cocoanut trees.

"A yellow woman is like muddy water, fit only for cooking.

"Why kiss? It is like patting a sugar tree.

"When you want a woman take her if you can; if you cannot, make her feel her loss.

"Be condescending always to a wife; they like it. Cocoanuts grow simply to fall and lie around at the foot of the tree. A man with many wives is a cocoanut tree with much fallen fruit.

"A woman fights with glances; a man with spears. Some glances are sharper than some spears.

"If there is trouble in your huts shift the women; women must live together a week before they fight.

"Some wives nurse grievances like children and love them full as well; see that such wives have a family of grievances.

"One wife is as if the clock always marked high noon; there are other hours on the clock.

"One wife is like one meal every day, and that one meal always boyada, the same food; the stomach will not stand it.

"Slap some, pinch others, never pat them unless to save a word.

"Talk little to women; listen much. They talk for many and listen for few.

"Better to have a woman fear you than to think she can wave a doga to a lover behind your back. A woman admires a lion that will eat her more than a monkey that will chatter for her peanuts.

"The wink is not known in Senegal; we do not blink at the sun or at each other. What we see, we see. What is, we see; what is not, other countries can wink at.

"Fifty-five wives are like a long journey. When the traveler wearies he can rest by the wayside in the moonlight.

"The less clothes a wife wears the more she has to hide in her head if she would keep it from you. Clothes are foolish; tattooing is far more ornamental and does not chafe. Tailors are like monkeys' tails, good only for hanging.

"What is art? I never saw it before I came here. In Senegal art as I see it in this country would be for a monkey to hang by its tail in a cocoanut tree and make all tribes believe it was a man in high suspense.

"Wives are useful, particularly if you smoke. Let their teeth be good; it means better snuff.

"Marry much. Do not take it seriously. Often bad wives make good widows. It is hard to be the widower of a good widow.

"When the cooks spoil the broth in our land we put them in the pot to make more. It solves the question of food.

"Many women would rather be one of 55 wives than one of none."

CHINAMAN GAVE UP HIS SEAT.

A Heathen's Courtesy to a Tired Woman While Christians Remained Seated.

A Columbia avenue car, with a good crowd aboard, was wending its way up Ninth street late one Saturday evening. Only a few of the gentler sex were on the car and these had seats. Among the seated passengers were two severe-looking clergymen, several prosperous business men and a docile Chinaman who carried a large bundle on his knees.

At Arch street a middle-aged woman who carried a small valise got on the car. It jolted along and the slender, tired-looking woman glanced around appealingly for a seat. She stood close to where the two ministers sat and her face wore an expression of pain as the car rattled along and she clutched nervously at the hand-strap. The Chinaman rose from his seat, and, holding his heavy bundle with his left hand, tapped the woman with his right hand gently and motioned her to the seat he had vacated. She accepted the favor with a smile and a gracious "Thank you, sir."

All the men seated in the car stared at each other as if each of them had received a rebuke.

"That Chinee is all right," remarked the conductor, according to the Philadelphia Record. "He's a good sample of those supposed barbarians we are endeavoring so hard to civilize."

COLLIDED DURING A FOG.

Three Lives Lost as a Result of a Collision in San Francisco Bay—The San Rafael Sunk.

San Francisco, Dec. 2.—So far as can be as yet determined only three lives were lost in the collision between the ferryboats San Rafael and Sausalito. Those drowned were W. G. Crandall, secretary of the Long sirup works; George Tredway, a waiter on the San Rafael, and a three-year-old son of Mrs. Waller, of Ross Valley. The body of Crandall was washed ashore at Andel island yesterday.

In the panic that followed after the boats collided, about twenty passengers were more or less injured. A great many were cut when crawling through the cabin windows.

Mrs. Waller, of Ross Valley, was on the San Rafael with her two little children, a boy and a girl. The girl, Ruth, was safely carried from the San Rafael to the Sausalito by William Boyd, of the North Pacific Coast Railroad Co., when the steamers were locked together. Mrs. Waller had the little boy in her arms and was following Boyd to safety when the sinking steamer gave a sudden lurch and the little fellow was thrown from her arms. The mother cried frantically for some one to rescue the boy, but it could not be done and he sank out of sight of his mother.

Tredway was pinioned by the splintered timbers when the Sausalito struck, and after some difficulty was extricated. He was hurried to the upper deck of the injured vessel, and that was the last seen of him, according to the suvivors.

If there were more than three persons drowned it will not be known for several days. No other persons are reported missing.

At least two hundred people were on the San Rafael. After the boats struck the Sausalito was drawn up alongside the San Rafael. It was 15 minutes at least before the vessel went down. This gave ample time to transfer the most of the passengers.

Capt. McKenzie of the San Rafael says the fog was as dense as he had ever seen it on the bay, which he has been navigating since 1849.

James S. McCue, the well-known horseman and old-time circus man, who lives at Corte Madera, was probably the most seriously injured of the survivors

FIVE LIVES SACRIFICED.

Mother and Four Children Burned to Death in Their Home Near Altoona, Pa.

Altoona, Pa., Dec. 2.—Five persons, a mother and her four children, were burned to death at Gwayn station, on the Wopsono creek railway, three miles north of the city early yesterday. The husband escaped with severe injuries.

The dead are:

Mrs. Mary C. Burke, 42 years of age.

Adam G. Burke, 16.

Mary E. Burke, 13.

Johanna Burke, 11.

Joseph Victor Burke, 8 years.

Carl W. Burke, the husband is seriously burned about the back.

Mrs. Burke and the children, save Adam, retired at the usual hour Saturday night. Mr. Burke, who was in Altoona, did not get home until late. The lamp was burning in the kitchen for him. Before he went up stairs he turned it low. A lunch was left on the kitchen table for Adam, who was a stage hand at the Altoona opera house. It is not known what time he came home.

Mrs. Burke was awakened by a dense smoke in her room. She awoke her husband, who found the kitchen abuaze. Burke's clothing was ignited, but he rolled in the snow to extinguish the flames. He then summoned the assistance of neighbors, but when they arrived there was no hope of saving the house or rescuing the inmates. Burke was sent away to the hospital crazed with grief. The house was soon consumed and the bodies, charred and blackened, were recovered. One corpse could not be distinguished from the other. The general opinion is that Adam forgot to extinguish the light in the lamp when he retired and that the lamp was in some way upset, possibly by the family dog.

FOUND GUILTY OF MURDER.

Twenty Years in the Penitentiary for Poisoning a Patient at the Instigation of Others.

Jacksonville, Ill., Dec. 2.—The jury in the case of William Webb Ferguson, charged with the murder of Dr. J. L. Barnes, of Monticello, by poisoning the doctor in Central hospital for the insane, Jacksonville, last May, at the alleged instigation of Mrs. Mamie Barnes, of Quincy, the doctor's wife, and Mrs. McWilliams, the mother of Mrs. Barnes, returned a verdict early, yesterday, after being out seven hours, finding Ferguson guilty of murder and fixing the term of punishment at 20 years in the penitentiary.

Mother Roasted Her Babe.

Sioux City, Ia., Dec. 1.—Mrs. J. Fred Meyers, living five miles from Correctionville, wrapped her five-months-old baby in a blanket, put her in the oven of the kitchen stove to keep warm and went out in the yard to gather fuel. When, half an hour later, she returned, the fire in the stove had blazed up and the room was filled with smoke. Rushing to the oven, she found the blanket and clothes in flames. The baby was dead and its arms and legs burned to a crisp.

The Switchmen's Strike.

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 1.—There is little change in the switchmen's strike. The situation is steadily improving on the roads and by the first of next week the railroad officials say they will be in as good shape as before the strike.

The Reiffs Coming Home.

London, Dec. 1.—The Cunard line steamer Lucania, which leaves Liverpool to-day for New York, will have among her passengers Lester and John Reiff, the American jockeys.

BOER SYMPATHIZERS.

Eulogize the South Afican Dutch and Denounce Their Own and the British Governments.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 2.—Four thousand Boer sympathizers held a meeting in Light Guard armory hall yesterday afternoon under the auspices of the local Transvaal league, and applauded the anti-British sentiments of Commandant Jan Krige, who served under Gen. Botha, and Congressman J. J. Lentz, of Ohio.

Resolutions denouncing the policy of this government in allowing the exportation of horses and mules to the British in South Africa; denouncing the detention in reconcentrado camps of Boer women and children and extending sympathy to the Boers now in the field, were unanimously adopted and will be sent to President Roosevelt, with the request that he offer the friendly mediation of this country to the combatants.

Commandant Krige said:

"The British must now fight to the end, for if they give in the people in Little India will say that they are tired of British rule and want their independence. Australia will be next to demand her liberty, and I believe now that the Boers' fight for freedom is but the steppingstone to the freedom of the other British colonies. As sure as the South African war killed the great old queen, just so surely will the South African war sound the death knell of the British empire."

GROWING TIRED OF WAR.

Signs that the Burghers Will Soon Sue for Peace or an Armistice —Supplies Running Low.

London, Dec. 1.—A dispatch to the Morning Post from Brussels says it is rumored there that negotiations are about to be opened between the belligerents in South Africa for either peace or an armistice.

It appears to be certain that the Boers are tired of the war, and the latest news from South Africa received by Mr. Kruger is said to show an increasing want of ammunition, arms and provisions on the part of the burghers.

It is not impossible, according to the Post's correspondent, that negotiations will be seriously entered upon before the end of the year.

A cablegram from De Aar, Cape Colony, states that on Wednesday last 30 Boers attempted to cross the railway between Mafeking and Vryburg. An armored train arrived and a skirmish took place, in which five Boers were killed and a number wounded. On Friday night 40 burghers succeeded in crossing the railway near Potfontein, going west.

WILL STAND BY THEIR GUNS.

Cape Colony Will Do Her Whole Duty While the Boer Uprising Continues.

Cape Town, Dec. 2.—Sir Gordon Sprigg, prime minister of Cape Colony, during the course of a speech at a banquet, said Cape Colony was maintaining in the cape an army numbering 18,000 men, the bulk of whom were mounted, and that these numbers were increasing weekly. It was a great strain on the treasury, said the prime minister, but the colony was prepared to bear it as long as necessary. The rebels were being gradually worn down and the prospect was not discouraging.

STARTLING ACCUSATIONS.

Schism in the Macedonian Camp—Bulgarian Officials in a Quandary.

Sofia, Dec. 2.—M. Mihilowsky, president of the Macedonian committee, recently made a speech at Varna, in Bulgaria, in which he denounced M. Saratof, former president of the committee and the Macedonians as agitators, murderers and blackmailers. Among other crimes he accused them of kidnaping Miss Ellen M. Stone, the American missionary.

The Macedonians of Sofia held an indignation meeting here yesterday. Violent speeches were made denouncing M. Mihilowsky, and in which M. Saratof was eulogized as the hero of Macedonian youth. This incident is important as demonstrating the schism in the Macedonian camp.

Reports received here yesterday from Dubnitza announce increased vigilance on the part of the authorities and the police of that place.

Bulgarian official circles are evidently much impressed by the menacing attitude of the United States government in the Stone affair. They declare, however, that they are unable to do any more in the matter than they have done already.

A Successful Experiment.

Muskegon, Mich., Dec. 2.—Capt. R. D. Mayo, who left Chicago Saturday afternoon in his life-saving device, arrived safely at Grand Haven at ten o'clock yesterday morning. The voyage was made without accident, although a strong sea was encountered.

CHINESE EXCLUSION LAW.

The Chinese Preparing to Make a Vigorous Fight Against Its Re-Enactment.

San Francisco, Dec. 1.—The Chinese are preparing to make a vigorous fight against the re-enactment of the exclusion law. A proclamation has been issued by the Chinese Six Companies requiring every Chinese in the United States to contribute at once the sum of one dollar, the fund thus raised to be used in the effort to defeat exclusion.

In order to compel prompt payment of the assessment, the proclamation states that if payment is not made within one month the amount exacted will be doubled, and delinquents who fail to pay within two months will have their assessment doubled once more.

Lest some should still seek to evade the enforced contribution, the proclamation adds that Chinese desiring to return to China will be compelled to exhibit a receipt showing that they have made payment, and in default of such receipt they will be fined $10.